

FIFTY YEARS AGO!



Portrait of Mr. Martin Tupper
Written by

W.D. CALLAGHER ESQ

And Respectfully Dedicated to the Descendants of

Israel Minkow

Born in 1833

ARRANGED BY

W.C. PETERS.

PETERS & WEBSTER *Leicester St. N.Y.* PETERS & FIELD *Cincinnati.*

Also for

FIRTH, HALL & POND *234 Broadway New York*

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

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Written by W. D. Gallagher.

Arranged by W. C. Peters.

MODERATO CON ANIMA.

4th V. We felt that we were fel - low men; We

1st V. A song of the early times out West, And our

felt we were a band, Sus - tain'd here in the wil - der - ness By heav'n's up - hold - ing hand. And

green old forest home, Whose pleasant mem'ries freshly yet A - cross the bosom come! A

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when the solemn sab-bath came, We gath-er'd in the wood, And lift-ed up our

song for the free and gladsome life, In those ear-ly days we led, With a teeming soil be--

hearts in pray'r To God the on-ly Good. Our tem-ples then were earth and sky; None

--neath our feet, And a smiling heav'n o'er head! Oh, the waves of life danc'd mer-ri-ly, And

oth-ers did we know, In the days when we were Pi-o-neers, Fif-ty years a-go! In the

had a joy-ous flow, In the days when we were Pi-o-neers, Fif-ty years a-go! In the

days when we were Pi-o-neers, Fif-ty years a-go!

days when we were Pi-o-neers, Fifty years a-go!

5th. Our so _rest life was rough and rude, And dan _gers clos'd us round; But here a mid the

2d. The hunt the shot, the glorious chase, The captur'd elk, or deer; The camp, the big bright

green old trees, We free _dom sought and found. Oft through our dwellings, win _try blasts Would

fire, and then The rich and wholesome cheer:— The sweet, sound sleep at dead of night, By our

rush with shriek and moan; We car'd not—tho' they were but frail, We felt they were our

camp-fire blazing high— Un _bro _ken by the wolf's long howl, And the panther springing

own! Oh, free and man _ly lives we led, Mid ver _dure, or mid snow, In the

by. Oh, merrily pass'd the time, de spite Our wi _ly In dian foe, In the

days when we were Pi-o-neers, Fif-ty years a-go! In the days when we were
 days when we were Pi-o-neers, Fif-ty years a-go! In the days when we were

Pi-o-neers, Fif-ty years a-go.
 Pi-o-neers, Fif-ty years a-go.

6th V. But now our course of life is short; And as, from day to day, We're walk-ing on with
 3^d V. We shun'd not la-bour; when 'twas due, We wrought with right good will; And for the homes we

hal-ting step, And faint-ing by the way, An-oth-er land, more bright than this; To
 wou for them, Our children bless us still. We liv'd not hermit lives, but oft In

our dim sight ap- pears, And on our way to it we'll soon A- gain be Pi- o-
so- cial con- verse met; And fires of love were kindled then, That burn on warm- ly

neers! Yet while we lin- ger, we may all A back- ward glance still throw, To the
yet. Oh, plea- sant- ly the stream of life Pur- sued its con- stant flow, In the

days when we were Pi- o- neers, Fif- ty years a- go! To the days when we were
days when we were Pi- o- neers, Fif- ty years a- go! In the days when we were

Pi- o- neers, Fif- ty years a- go.

Pi- o- neers, Fif- ty years a- go.

